THE

# CURATE's Anſwer to his ARCH-DEACON.

LEST my ill manners you ſhould ſpeak on,
I here begin, Mr. A—— D——
And this punctilio being paſt,
To write of buſineſs now I'll haſte.

As ſoon as yours, Sir, came to hand,
I forthwith ſent, at your command,
The clerk on foot to A——d town,
From whence he brought the flowers down:
All which I planted with great care,
And over each humm'd a ſhort prayer,
That they might thrive, and be in bloom,
When you to C——r——n ſhall come.

I muſt confeſs, without a bam, Sir,
Had you ſent with them, in a hamper,
Some bottles of my lord's good wine,
With cheſhire cheeſe, and flitch of ſwine;
I then the winter might rub o'er,
Much better than I've heretofore.
For twenty pounds a year, G—d wot,
Will not buy cloaths, and boil the pot;
And I can hardly make it do,
To keep out cold and hunger too.
Your ſervant W——ks, I truly ſay,
Works wond'rous hard, both night and day,
And dearly earns what you him pay.
N——w——d his promiſe doth neglect,
To fetch your wood, as you expect;
And ſwears he'll not a cord bring home,
Unleſs he's paid before you come;
And, what is more, doth grinning ſay,
As he pays you for him to pray,
He thinks the reaſon is as good,
That you pay him for fetching wood.
I'll take great care, you well may think,
In brewing of your ſtock of drink;
For, as your butler, Sir, a cup,
When it is tapp'd, I hope to ſup.

Your tenants ſadly do complain,
That you their rents ſo high do ſtrain;
That tho' their crops are large, 'tis true,
They're not enough to pay your due.

I travel up and down all day,
And hardly can get time to pray;
And teaze the elves from morn 'till night,
Without receiving of a doit.
But hope, e'er long, I ſhall prevail;
Or elſe, will ſend them to a jail.
The ſacred coin, you may depend,
I'll either carry, or will ſend,
To Mr. H——k——r, when I get it;
Who will return't, and not forget it:
And not one farthing I'll purloin,
To buy a pint of ale, or wine.
But griev'd I am, and often mourn,
At your deep ſighs, at the return.
Five ſhillings for each hundred pounds!
Ah me! how very ſad it ſounds!
How great the charge, ſix crowns, to bear,
From but ſix hundred pounds a year!
Laſt Sunday, when the church was done,
I to John H——l——r ſtreight did run,
Who told me, Mrs. R——ge won't give
The new tythe rent of ninety five:
And ſays, already you've undone her,
In raiſing oft her rent upon her:
Therefore will quit the ſame to you,
And ne'er with it have more to do.
You know how much I am your ſlave,
And preach, and walk, and vaunt, and rave,
Your flocks to feed, 'till almoſt ſpent;
And eke to dun them for their rent.
Therefore, I hope, you don't ſuſpect,
That I your buſineſs ſhould neglect;
Who, as your curate, and your bailey,
Will do it faithfully and daily.
But hold; one thing's quite out of head,
The church, well thought, the church, you ſaid,
You'd leave to the church-wardens care:
To write of that, my pains I'll ſpare;
And will conclude with adding this,
Your garden in good order is;
And ſo am I; but needs muſt ſay,
In better ſhould be ev'ry day,
If you'd add five pounds to my pay.

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